

Nimble and Quick,

Pick and chuse where you will.

Here is something to please every Body.

Containing, The

Humours of the AGE,

BEING

Whimsical, Diverting, Witty and Comical.

WITH

Useful remarks on the Virtues and Vices
of the Times.



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Humours of the Age.

I Never think of a wife, till I'm hungry, and then I look for a whore, in hopes she'll bring me to a morsel of bread.

I love strong beer twice in the year, that is winter and summer.

I hate lawyers and liars, because they breed wrangling and jangling.

I'd be a soldier, was there all plunder and no fighting.

I love a clergyman that practises what he preaches, for otherwise we must mind what he says, not what he does.

If I marry I'll have the ugliest woman I can find, then I shall be sure to have her to myself.

Shew me a poet, a painter, and a quaker, and I'll shew you three liars.

Of all the men in the world, blind men walk the most upright; so they are the

the most charitable, for they never see their neighbours faults.

Of all the people I pity whores, for they hazard soul and body for a very bad living.

Was I a man in power, I'd build alms houses for the rich, and maintain them at their own cost.

The greatest folly in the world is to love the world.

In former days the world boasted of seven wise men, but now every man is wise in his own conceit; yet in my opinion, if some are wise, more, are other wise.

Of all callings I hate quack doctors, for if they do good, the world hears fast enough of it.

The greatest enemies whores have, are the French and the small pox, one spoils their faces, and the other their constitution.

I hate riches for the danger that attends them.

I would not have my throat cut for a bowl of gold.

Ballad singers have the most honest trade in the world for your money. It

is also an ancient and honourable calling, for Homer himself that learned man was one.

Sailors are the bravest and merriest fellows in the whole universal world, for they drink and dance when there is but an inch between them and their watery graves.

The astrologer is a wise man, can tell future events, but not the man that cuckolds, him nor when.

It would puzzle a philosopher, which to give the preference to, a chimney sweeper, a dust man, or a Tom turdman, they are all such useful members of the community.

Tea, geneva and tobacco are pernicious things and grand thieves, they deserve hanging more than highwaymen, for they pick the pockets of the whole nation.

There are five great rarities hard to find: a black swan, a phoenix, an unicorn, the philosopher's stone, and a maid at sixteen.

If extortioners cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, where must usurers, tallymen,

tallymen, excisemen, and pawnbrokers go to.

By cards, dice and whores, men are ruin'd very soon, for gaming and whoring has brought many a man to the gallows.

Soldiers, butchers, doctors and physicians are very near relations, they all of them live by killing and plundering.

I never see a taylor but he puts me in mind of cabbage and cucumbers, nor a miller or a weaver, but I think of a thief.

Actors and apes are the greatest mimicks that can be; 'tis very hard to determine; whether they are or are not rational.

Good old women and good small beer are hard to be found, yet these are good in their kind.

What's the difference between ale drapers and linen drapers? only this, one cheats you with froth, t'other with cloth.

These is one abominable thing, I cannot help reminding you of; that is, For neighbours to go to law about trifles and to rob their children.

A sober

A sober virtuous wife boy is better than a vicious grey headed old fool ; so a living dog is better than a dead lion.

Number me the sands on the sea shore and stars in the sky, and I will number you the numberless faults of lewd women. Yet a virtuous woman is the pride of nature, and the glory of the universe, but where shall I find her?

Swearing and cursing is the language of Hell, which people take care to learn before they go thither.

Beauty is the fairest flower in nature's garden, but who would doat on such a foolish fading toy? yet I would oblige all young men to marry at the age of twenty one ; marry handsome women for their own sake, homely women for charity sake. I would constrain wealthy misers to marry poor women, rich maidens, poor batchelors, purposely to bring the world on a good level.

Could I dispose nature, hypocrites should have two faces, because, like watermen, they look one way and row another.

If a'l mens faults were writ in their foreheads, what a black scroll would appear.

To portion daughters and to build ships are two very chargeable things, yet after all costs and pains they prove leaky vessels.

Had I three sons, if one of them was a dunce, then two should practise law and physic, and the other should be a parson.

There are five things wonderful swift; fame, which like a snow ball, gathers as it goes; a musquet shot, that kills before you hear the report; the light, that reaches the highest heavens in an instant; thought that traverses the globe in a few moments; and lightening, which kills the child in the womb, and hurts not the mother in the least, and melts gold in a bag without singeing the canvas.

Some say, that England is the garden of the world, but as the king of France says, there's many bitter weeds in it. Others say, it is the paradise of women, a purgatory for servants, and a Hell for horses. We have the handsomest women in the world, I must own, and we give them the greatest privileges, the honour of the wall, the third of
our

our effects, and the like, yet they seldom give us any thing in return but a swinging pair of horns; and, like the devil, the more you humour them the worse they are; give them an inch and they will take an ell.

But there is no general rule without an exception; what I speak of is the bad humours of men, one story is good 'till another is told; in the mean time give me leave to speak my thoughts: Those that are good husbands, I believe make good wives and if they are bad, there are six of one, and half a dozen of the other. So God mend us all.

*And thus I've finish'd what I first propos'd:
And if I have more or less of truth disclos'd,
Then what you like, excuse me for this time;
Tis need makes old wives trot, and poets rhyme
Therefore extend your halfpence, if you please,
And I'll pray for you all my remaining days.*

F I N I S.

